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SOLO

EXMUTANTS

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AN
EX-MUTANTS
UNIVERSE
TITLE

Solo Ex-Mutants: World War III erupted in the latter half of the Twentieth Century, destroying the sum total of human progress in one day of fire. Those who survived the terrible devastation brought about by the war were irrevocably changed into mockeries of human beings: twisted mutants fighting over scraps left over from a better time.

One man among them was unique, however. Though a mutant himself, Dr. Emmanuel Cugat had a dream: that of reversing the genetic damage spawned by the war.

After countless failures, Cugat transformed five special mutants—Angela, Belushi, Erin. Vikki, and Lorelei—back into human beings. Known collectively as the Ex-Mutants, they are the last hope of a dying world.

But all teams are comprised of individuals. Often, it is necessary for the Ex-Mutants to test their mettle against the perils of the world alone. Whether together or separate, however, the Ex-Mutants have become the living legends of the Shattered Earth. This is their story.

SOLO EX-MUTANTS #6
January 1989.
Published bi-monthly by Eternity Comics, a division of Malibu Graphics, Inc., 1355 Lawrence Drive #212, Newbury Park, CA 91320. 805/499-3015.
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ANGELA
BELUSHI
TWO OF DOC CUGAT'S SCIENTIFIC SUCCESS STORY-- THE EX-MUTANTS.
THEIR MISSION-- RETURN THE SHATTERED EARTH TO ITS FORMER GLORY.
ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS SURVIVE THE NEXT 25 PAGES.
Date With An Angel
WRITTEN BY JONATHAN GROVE / ILLUSTRATED BY SANDY CARRUTHERS / LETTERED BY CLEM ROBINS

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M BUSHED.
WE MUST HAVE COVERED A DOZEN MILES SO FAR TODAY. CAN WE STOP AND REST A MINUTE?
IN A LITTLE WHILE. LET'S CHECK THIS PLACE OUT FIRST.

I DON'T LIKE TRAVELING THROUGH THESE SMALL TOWNS.
YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'LL RUN INTO.

ANGELA, LOOK OUT!
WHAT?
VIP!

KEEP FIRING. DON'T LET THEM SURROUND US!
CHOOM!

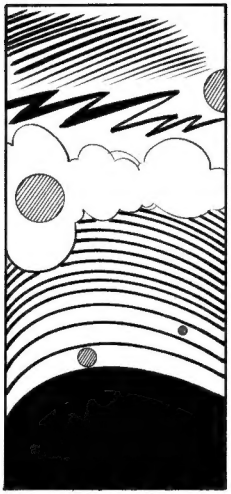
BELUSHI!
--AARGH!--
ANGIE!
THUNK!

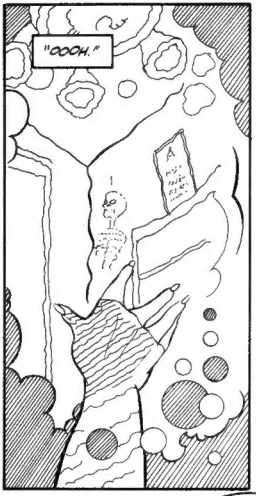
DON'T SWEAT IT. I CAN STILL FUNCTION.
SNAP!
THEN KEEP GOING.
WE CAN'T LET THEM CIRCLE AROUND. AND...
...CUT US OFF.
WHAT NOW, HOT SHOT?
HANG LOOSE, AND FOLLOW MY LEAD.
OH, RIGHT. THAT ALWAYS WORKS!
GREETINGS, WEARY TRAVELLERS!
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE'VE HAD VISITORS.
ESPECIALLY SUCH PRETTY ONES.
YOU WILL BE WELCOME ADDITIONS TO MY STEW POT. AFTER WE'VE HAD SOME FUN, OF COURSE.
TAKE THEM!

...URKLE...
DID YOU HAVE TO KILL HIM LIKE THAT? I WAS THINKING UP A PLAN!
RIGHT. I THOUGHT I SMELLED WOOD BURNING!
VERY FUNNY, ANGIE. VERY FUNNY.
WHAP!
PHOOM!
NOW RUN LIKE HELL OR WE'LL BOTH DIE LAUGHING!
MEDICOMP RESEARCH FACILITY
NO ADMITTANCE

I THINK I CAN GET THIS LOCK TO WORK...THERE!
SNAPK!
IN OUT
THAT SHOULD HOLD THEM OFF FOR A WHILE.
WELL, JUST IN CASE, LET'S PUSH SOME OF THIS STUFF IN FRONT OF IT. I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES.
NOW LET'S FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE.
IT'S SOME KIND OF MEDICAL BUILDING. THERE'S A LAB ON SUB LEVEL TEN.
DIRECTORY
LET'S FIND SOME STAIRS.
AND WE'LL GET THAT ARM OF YOURS LOOKED AT. YOU'VE PROBABLY LOST A LOT OF BLOOD.

THEY'RE INSIDE SIR. BUT THE DOOR IS LOCKED.
THEN BREAK IT DOWN! HOW LONG CAN THAT TAKE?
A FEW HOURS.
THEY REALLY KNEW HOW TO BUILD THESE THINGS IN THE OLD DAYS, SIR.
AND WE'VE CHECKED ALL AROUND. IT'S A SEALED BUILDING--NO WINDOWS AND NO OTHER ENTRANCE.
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY IN--OR OUT.
EXCELLENT.
THEN THEY'RE TRAPPED LIKE RATS, AND WE'VE GOT NOTHING BUT TIME.




"OOOH."

MY HEAD...
...MY ARM...

ENJOY YOUR NAP?

HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN OUT?
NOT LONG. JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO CARRY YOUR LAZY BUTT DOWN TEN FLIGHTS OF STAIRS.

WHAT ABOUT OUR FRIENDS UP ABOVE?
THEY SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM. FOR A *WHILE* ANYWAY.
SOME OF THE *DOORS* ON THE STAIRWELL COULD STILL BE *LOCKED*.
SO IF THEY GET THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR, WE'VE STILL GOT SOME TIME BEFORE THEY WORK THEIR WAY DOWN HERE.
LOOKS *NASTY*. HOW'S IT FEEL?
MUCH BETTER, THANKS. YOU TIE A PRETTY MEAN BANDAGE.
IT HELPS THAT THIS IS A FULLY FUNCTIONAL MEDICAL LAB. THEY'VE GOT EVERYTHING HERE.
AND ON THE LEVEL BELOW US, THEY HAVE THEIR OWN INDEPENDENT *POWER* SOURCE.
THERE'S ENOUGH *JUICE* HERE TO KEEP THIS PLACE RUNNING FOR ANOTHER TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS!
IT'S A *HELL* OF A SET UP.

APPARENTLY, THIS IS, OR RATHER, WAS SOME KIND OF RESEARCH FACILITY.
THERE'S A VIDEO-TAPE LIBRARY TWO DOORS DOWN--THE VCR'S STILL WORK.
THERE'S A HUGE FREEZER FILLED WITH HUMAN ORGANS. TISSUE SAMPLES. THE WORKS.
IT LOOKS LIKE THEY WERE INVOLVED IN GERM WARFARE, CLONING, REGENERATION--YOU NAME IT
YOU MADE ALL THESE DEDUCTIONS YOURSELF? I'M IMPRESSED.
DON'T BE. IT'S ALL ON TAPE IN THE LIBRARY.
BUT THAT'S NOT THE BEST PART.
CHECK OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THIS DOOR.
SECURITY CLEARANCE LEVEL BLUE

LOOK WHAT I FOUND, HONEY.
CAN I KEEP HER?

AND EVEN BETTER, I'VE SET HER FREE.
SHE'LL BE DONE THAWING IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES
BELUSHI!
HOW CAN YOU BE SO DAMN STUPID!

WE HAVE NO IDEA WHY THEY FROZE HER!
SHE COULD BE DANGEROUS --CARRYING SOME KIND OF INFECTIOUS DISEASE, ANYTHING!

LISTEN, GENERAL, WE COULD USE ANOTHER WARM BODY.
OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT WE'RE STILL UNDER SIEGE?

AND IT'S POSSIBLE THAT SHE MIGHT KNOW ANOTHER WAY OUT OF THIS LAB.

BESIDES, WITH LEGS LIKE HERS, HOW DANGEROUS COULD SHE BE?

THEY'RE NOT ON THIS LEVEL, SIR.
BUT THERE ARE TEN FLOORS BELOW US. THEY COULD BE HIDING *ANYWHERE*.

POST SOME MEN TO WATCH THE DOOR.
THE REST OF YOU SPREAD OUT! I WANT THEM FOUND AND QUICKLY!
YES, SIR! RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

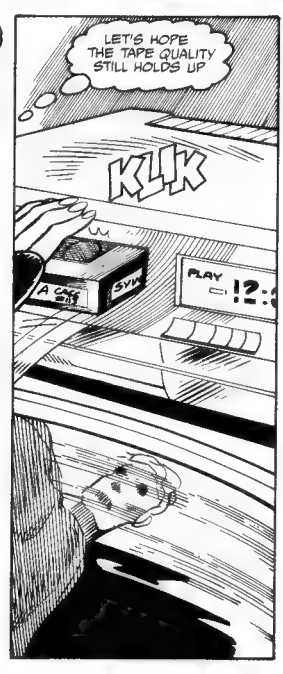
AND I WANT THEM *ALIVE*.

FOR A *WHILE*, ANYWAY.

VIDEO
LIBRARY
DAMN THAT BELUSHI.
ALWAYS THINKING WITH HIS ZIPPER-- NEVER HIS BRAIN!

HOW HE GOT THIS FAR IS A TRIBUTE TO THE BEAUTY OF TEAM-WORK, CERTAINLY NOT INDIVIDUAL THOUGHT AND ACTION

SANDY... KELLY... DONNA... SIMONE...
THESE TAPES LOOK LIKE CASE STUDIES--ALL WOMEN.


LET'S HOPE THE TAPE QUALITY STILL HOLDS UP
KLIK
PLAY

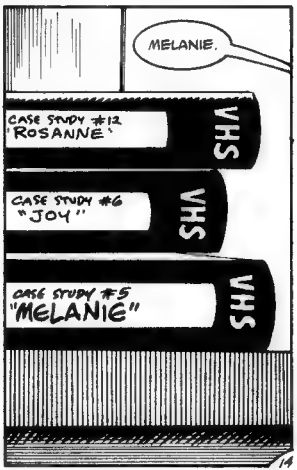
NOW TO SEE WHAT THIS PLACE IS REALLY ALL ABOUT.

SHORTLY.
OH, ANGELA...

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET OUR GUEST, MELANIE.
HI!
HELLO.

MELANIE WAS JUST ABOUT TO GIVE ME A LITTLE HISTORY ON THIS PLACE.
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED.

DBE-LIGHTED. WHAT DID YOU SAY HER NAME WAS AGAIN?


MELANIE.
CASE STUDY #12 "ROSANNE"
VHS
CASE STUDY #6 "JOY"
VHS
CASE STUDY #5 "MELANIE"
VHS

IT ALL BEGAN BACK IN 1988.
I WAS WORKING MY WAY UP THE MODELING LADDER...
"FASHION SHOWS, BEAUTY CONTESTS, THE WORKS..."
"I HAD JUST FINISHED A SPREAD FOR ONE OF THE FASHION MAGAZINES..."
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, BABE! NOW, HOLD IN THAT TUMMY...
"AND THAT'S WHEN I MET THE BOYS FROM MEDICOMP..."
"WELL, I'D HAD SOME LINES TOSSED AT ME BEFORE, SO I KEPT WAITING FOR THEM TO ASK FOR SEX.
MISS JOHNSON, WE'D LIKE A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME.
THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE COULD BE DEPENDING ON IT.
"AND THEY NEVER DID. IT WAS VERY STRANGE. I ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT THEM."

WE REPRESENT A GROWING SEGMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT THAT FEELS NUCLEAR WAR IS *INEVITABLE*.
WITHOUT THE PROPER PRECAUTIONS, SUCH A WAR WOULD MEAN THE END OF THE HUMAN RACE, PARTICULARLY IN THE UNITED STATES.
WE'VE DEVELOPED A WAY TO PRESERVE THE HUMAN RACE, REGARDLESS OF WHAT HAPPENS HERE ON THE SURFACE
WELL, I'M PATRIOTIC AS THE NEXT PERSON, GENTLEMEN--I GO TO ALL OF *STALLONE'S* MOVIES. BUT WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?
EVER HAD MEASLES? CHICKEN POX? STD'S?
EVER BEEN TO THE BETTY FORD CENTER?
NO.
BEEN TESTED FOR AIDS?
YES. NEGATIVE
34-21-32. PERFECT.
AND NOT AN *OUNCE* OF FAT.
I SHOULD HOPE *NOT!*

"AS A PERFECT PHYSICAL SPECIMEN, I WAS TO BE THAWED OUT IN THE EVENT OF NUCLEAR WAR.
"WITH MY GENES, I COULD DO MY PART TO HELP REPOPULATE AMERICA."
"IT WAS...IS... QUITE AN HONOR."
WE KIND OF HAVE THE SAME PURPOSE, MELANIE.
I THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG JUST FINE.
I HATE TO SPOIL THE MOMENT, BUT NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN UNTIL WE GET OUT OF THIS PLACE.
I THOUGHT THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY OUT ON THIS LEVEL. BUT MY MEMORY COULD STILL BE A LITTLE FUZZY.
WE'LL CHECK IT OUT, ANGIE. DON'T WAIT UP.
UNLESS MISS REPOPULATION KNOWS OF ANOTHER EXIT, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TEACH HER TO FIRE HER OWN GUN FOR A CHANGE.
I DIDN'T GET TO SPEND MUCH TIME HERE BEFORE I WAS FROZEN.
BELUSHI... CAN I SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE?

WHAT NOW?
BE CAREFUL. HER STORY SEEMS A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS TO BE COMPLETELY TRUE.
I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO GO THROUGH MANY OF THE TAPES, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING VERY STRANGE GOING ON HERE
ANGIE! IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU BETTER, I'D SWEAR YOU WERE JEALOUS.
OH, YEAH, THAT'S IT, MR FREUD.
WHO?
NEVER MIND, ROMEO. JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN
AND WATCH YOUR BACK.
IT'S NOT MY BACK I'M WORRIED ABOUT
DAMN HIM!

AT LEAST HE'S KEEPING HER OUT OF THE WAY SO I CAN GET SOME REAL WORK DONE.
HMMM. SAME NAME. I WONDER IF THIS IS OUR LITTLE BEAUTY QUEEN.
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.
12:0
KLIK!
SUBJECT: MELANIE JOHNSON. BLONDE HAIR, BLUE EYES. 5 FEET 7 INCHES TALL, 118 POUNDS.
PROJECT REHAB, SECTION 19. JULY 14th, 1988. DOCTOR WILLIAM B. TAYLOR REPORTING PHYSICIAN.
OH, NO... BELUGHI!

ALL ABOVE FLOORS HAVE BEEN SWEPT CLEAN, SIR!
THOSE LITTLE BASTARDS ARE OURS FOR THE TAKING!
13
AN EXCELLENT JOB, OSGOOD. YOU SHALL BE RICHLY REWARDED FOR YOUR PERFORMANCE IN THIS OPERATION.
YOU MEAN...
YES, YOU MAY HAVE DIBS ON ONE OF THE LEGS.
THUD!
BLESS YOU, SIR.

I'VE GOT TO FIND BELUSHI.
I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT HER!
HUH?
PHOOM!
PHOOM!
PHOOM!
AARGH!
I HOPE BELUSHI FOUND THAT EXIT.
AND THAT HE'S STILL ALIVE TO SHOW IT TO ME.

IT CUTS RIGHT THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN AND COMES OUT THE OTHER SIDE, I THINK
IT WAS BUILT JUST IN CASE THE FACILITY WAS EVER ATTACKED BY GOD KNOWS WHAT.
SO THIS IS IT, OUR WAY OUT? TERRIFIC!
WE'LL GET ANGIE AND START ROLLING.
OH, LET'S FORGET ABOUT HER FOR AWHILE, CAN WE?
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I WAS ALONE WITH A TALL, STRONG, HANDSOME MAN...MMMM!
WELL, SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, HOW CAN I RESIST?
THIS IS REALLY MY LUCKY DAY.
I WISH THERE WERE SOME GUYS LEFT SO I COULD BRAG ABOUT THIS.
DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE JOINING THEM SOON ENOUGH.
MELANIE? WHAT?
SPLUTCH!

JESUS! WHAT WAS HER PROBLEM! MOST WOMEN DON'T GET MAD UNTIL AFTER I'VE SPENT THE NIGHT.
DON'T SWEAT IT, HOT STUFF. JUST PUT IT AWAY AND LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
THOSE PESKY MUTANTS ARE BACK ON OUR TAIL.
AND THEY SEEM TO HAVE WORKED UP QUITE AN APPETITE.
KLAK!
KLING!
I HOPE YOU FEEL LIKE RUNNING.
HUMILIATION ALWAYS GIVES ME STRENGTH.
AND THIS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THEM.
KLANG!
KAPHOOM
KA-ZAK!
KRACKLE
ZZZZZZZZZ

THEY'VE SEALED THE DOOR SHUT FROM THEIR SIDE, SIR.
WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM NOW.
PITY.
YOU HAVE FAILED ME, OSGOOD.
YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, DON'T YOU?
NO FOOD? NO DIBS?
NOT FOR YOU, ANYWAY.
AARGH! ...URKLE...
PRIIIP!

SO HER WHOLE STORY WAS BOGUS?
PRECISELY.
SHE'S A COMPLETE MENTAL CASE.

IT WAS MAN-HATING TO AN EXTREME, BELUSHI.
SHE USED SEX, AND A KNIFE, AS WEAPONS. THE TAPES GAVE HER CREDIT FOR KILLING 29 MALES.

GIVEN THE SOCIAL CLIMATE OF THE LATE 20TH CENTURY, IT WAS A VERY COMMON OCCURENCE.
AND SHE WAS ONE OF THE MOST VIOLENT CASES OF HER DAY. SO A COURT ORDERED HER FROZEN WHILE SCIENCE WORKED ON A CURE.
THAT DOES IT FOR ME, THEN.
KLAK!
NO MORE SEX! EVER!
FUNNY. THE REPORT SAID A NUMBER OF MEN FROM THAT TIME PERIOD FELT EXACTLY THE SAME WAY.

THE END

KINGSPYDER
JANUARY 11TH, 2009